UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Call to Action

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Sunday in Berlin

By SYDNEY STRONG

"Is the Church Christian?"

By W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW

The Far East

Book Reviews by FREDERICK STARR

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1922 NUMBER 10

DE PROFUNDIS.

Up from the Black Abyss has Man come striving:
Yea, but be comforted!—he is now arriving!
Hundreds of centuries has the evolving leaven
Of his high purpose worked towards solving Heaven;
And now at last, in hard-won vision clearer,
He glimpses a possible Life Elysian nearer!

Plenty—and Peace—is to-day the summons of Nature:
"Rise, my child," she cries, "to your nobler stature!
Courage, O Man-child! I who in mystery made you,
Slowly in glowing garments of Day have arrayed you.
Strife in the Past I indeed in blindness followed:
See where it led me! see the sty where I wallowed!

"Now—Now, my child, let us henceforth together
Walk in the golden life-glow of sunnier weather!
You with your love and will-power—I with my forces
Of earth, air, water—will harness life's fruitful sources.
Nothing Man needs will he fail of, in body or spirit;
All in the earth and the soul is his prize to inherit.

"Join me in gaining this glory of human forth-faring—
Every sole child of earth's multitudes getting—and sharing!"

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

We know an editor of a great monthly magazine who has to write his editorials three months before the date of publication. This is a task somewhat more trying than that which confronts the editors of UNITY, who measure their interval not in months but in weeks; but even so, it is not easy to keep these columns up-to-date. This is the first opportunity which we have had, for example, to speak of the November 7 elections, which will be a matter of ancient history before these words can be printed. It would seem as though everything has been said that can be said upon this political overturn, but there are certain comments which we want to get into our record, all the same. Thus, we rejoice in (1) the triumph of La Follette, Brookhart, Shipsted, Frazier and the other radical senators of the West; (2) the moral defeat of Henry Cabot Lodge in Massachusetts, and the actual defeat of Governor Miller and Edward L. Calder in New York; (3) the victory of Ex-Governor Ferris, of Michigan, as a stinging rebuke to Newberryism and all its works; (4) the vindication of decency in the defeat of the impudent pretension of Pelletier, of Boston, to public office; (5) the election of Victor Berger, Socialist, in Milwaukee; and, most of all, (6) the smashing repudiation of President Harding's do-nothing and care-nothing administration. On the other hand, we lament (1) the election of the "wet" Edwards, of New Jersey; (2) the defeat of Senator France, of Maryland, and the Socialist Congressman, Meyer London, of New York; (3) the pitifully small vote of the American Labor Party in New York State; (4) and the hard fate suffered generally by women candidates. At bottom, apart from particularistic and rather personal joys and sorrows of this type, we see nothing of any general significance in the election, save the increasing tendency of the American people toward independent voting. Party lines no longer count for much when a 7,000,000 majority is wiped out in two years' time. But until this tendency expresses itself in something more decisive than a futile see-sawing from one old party to the other, we see no hope for effective political progress.

It was amusing to note the hullabaloo made over the election results by the anti-prohibition forces of the country—a hullabaloo kicked up by no agencies more effectively than by certain of the great city newspapers. One would have thought, from the terrific clamor that was raised, that the "wets" had scored a victory of such enormous proportions that not merely the repeal of the Volstead Act but the actual scrapping of the 18th Amendment was immanent. As a matter of fact, neither the Volstead Act nor the 18th Amendment is in the slightest possible danger even of alteration. The "drys" met the challenge hurled at them in the election with a degree of success which means, to our way of thinking, that the high tide of the revolt against prohibition has been reached and from now on will steadily recede. The vote in Ohio, on a real out-and-out test of public sentiment, is the decisive factor in the situation. West of Ohio, as everybody but liquor fanatics know, the country is overwhelmingly "dry," as witness the election result in California; east of Ohio, north of Mason and Dixon's line at least, the country has large areas of wetness, as witness the vote in Massachusetts and New Jersey. Ohio stands midway between these sections—and the vote there on the proposed constitutional amendment legalizing beer and wine offered an ideal opportunity, rapturously welcomed by the "wets," to discover if eastern sentiment was beginning to break down the

prohibition bulwarks in the west. Everything seemed to indicate that Ohio was going to cave in. There are large foreign populations in the Buckeye state. The people had had nearly three years' experience of the results of the Volstead Act. The state is rich in cities, in great industrial centres. Labor was in open revolt against the "inequalities" of Prohibition. The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, resolved to take full advantage of the situation, conducted an enormously expensive and intensely active campaign. Then came the election—which registered a sensational majority of over 180,000 votes against the beer and wine proposal! And only eight years ago, in 1914, this state turned in a majority of 83,000 against a proposed state-wide Prohibition amendment to the Ohio Constitution. If the "wets" can get comfort out of this crucial test, they can extract sunshine from cucumbers with ease. To us, it means the definite failure of the "wet" campaign, and the permanent settling down of the country to prohibition.

The recent military display in Petrograd and Moscow, in connection with the meetings of the third International, presented a vivid picture of what we regard as most melancholy and tragic in the Soviet Russia of the present day. Everywhere in that revolutionary country is an intense nationalistic feeling, expressing itself prevailingly in a flamboyant and boastful militarism. The international idea seems completely lost in devotion to Russia, and the thought of peace and brotherhood in pride in the Red Army. On the first night of our stay in Moscow, we were awakened in the early morning hours by the shrill commands of an officer drilling a company of recruits outside our windows. On our first Sunday morning in the city, we ran into a review of troops in Red Square, and that afternoon met a great crowd of raw recruits for the army marching across the city to the barracks. Everywhere we went, we were told about the Red Army; and how the eyes shone and the voice thrilled at the mention of the soldiers! There were a million of them under arms, four to five million reserves, and all splendidly equipped! This was the thing of which our Bolshevik friends seemed most quickly and enthusiastically proud. And we did not wonder; it seemed natural enough, when we heard how that army had been raised, the enormous difficulties under which it had been trained, and the matchless fighting it had done against the brigand invaders sent against the Republic by the Allies. Humanity is much the same everywhere, even in Soviet Russia! But to the dispassionate outsider, like ourselves, all this was lamentable enough. We understood how nationalism had been developed in the stress of the struggle for survival and glorified by triumph in that struggle; but still we could not fit it in to the Russia of the proletarian revolution. We could see why the army had been organized and what it had done; but, in the face of a prostrate Europe, we could not see why this army should be so magnificently maintained, when there was no money for schools and teachers. We saw no desire to invade other countries, heard no slightest suggestion that the Red Army should be used in offensive operations; but we remembered what armies had done elsewhere, and could not convince ourselves that preparedness was any wiser a policy in Moscow than in London, Berlin, or Paris. The Russian revolution is to-day hanging in the balance; and in nothing, we believe, is the danger so great as in the deliberate fostering of those nationalistic passions and institutions which have wrecked our world.

We have read in our time many comments on war and religion, but none better than those found in C. E. Montague's "Disenchantment," pages 90-92. We append herewith the following paragraphs:

> "I've been a Christian all my life, but this war is a bit too serious." So saying, a certain New Army recruit had folded up his religion in 1914 and put it away, as it were, in a drawer with his other civil attire to wait until public affairs should again permit of their use. . . . Like most of his kind he had, as a rule, left church-going to others. Like most of his kind, he had read the Gospels and found that whatever Christ had said mattered enormously. . . . Not having been taught how to dodge an awkward home thrust at his conscience, he felt, all unblunted, the point of what Christ had said about wealth and war and loving one's enemies. . . . Fighting was evil—better submit than resist. There was no getting over such doctrine, nor round it. Why try?
>
> Ever since those bombs were courageously thrown, courageous divines and laymen have been rushing in to pick them up and throw them away, combining as well as they could an air of respect for the thrower with tender care for the mental ease of congregations occupied generally in making money and occasionally in making war. Yet there they lie, miraculously permanent and disturbing, as if just thrown. Now and then one will go off, with seismic results, in the mind of some St. Francis or Tolstoy. And yet it remains where it was, like the plucked Golden Bough: *uno avulso, non defecit alter,* ready as ever to work on a guileless mind like our friend's.
>
> But this war had to be won: that was flat. It was like putting out houses on fire, or not letting children be killed. . . . Any religion or anything else that seemed to chill, or deter, or suggest an alternative, need not be wholly renounced. But it had to be put away in a drawer. After the war, when that dangerous precept about the left cheek could no longer do any serious harm, it might come out again. . . .

This is acute interpretation. It reminds us of Bernard Shaw's sage statement that the churches should have had the decency to close up during the war. It emphasizes as well the position that we have always taken on this matter. Never at any time have we objected to anybody's defending war as necessary or even beneficent; this opinion is as understandable as a myriad other opinions which men exercise their unquestioned right to hold. We have simply objected, and still object, to anybody's defending war in the name of religion—of Jesus Christ and God. Nobody has any right to do this who would be accounted sane or honest.

The folly and sin of denominationalism were never more impressively stated than in a report which has been brought to this country from China. It seems

that in May last the Chinese National Christian Conference held a week's convention in Shanghai. In connection with this gathering, a number of native commissions prepared reports, of which one was on "Christianity's Message to China." This report had two sections, one addressed to the native Christians, and the other to the native non-Christians. The former section, prepared by Professor T. T. Lew, Acting Dean of the Theological Seminary, and Professor T. C. Chav, of Soochow, and endorsed unanimously by the entire commission, begins, significantly enough, with an appeal for a "united church," as follows:

THE UNITED CHURCH.

We Chinese Christians who represent the various leading denominations express our regret that we are divided by the denominationalism which comes from the West.

We are not unaware of the diverse gifts through the denominations that have been used by God for the enrichment of the Church.

Yet we recognize fully that denominationalism is based upon differences the historical significance of which, however real and vital to the missionaries from the West, are not shared by us Chinese. Therefore denominationalism, instead of being a source of inspiration, has been and is a source of confusion, bewilderment, and inefficiency.

We recognize also most vividly the crying need of the Christian salvation for China to-day, and we firmly believe that it is only the united Church that can save China, for our task is great and enough strength can only be attained through solid unity.

Therefore, in the name of the Lord, who prayed that all may be one, we appeal to all those who love the same Lord to follow his command and be united into one Church, catholic and indivisible, for the salvation of China.

We believe that there is an essential unity among all the Chinese Christians, and that we are voicing the sentiment of the whole Chinese Christian body in claiming that we have the desire and the possibility to effect a speedy realization of corporate unity, and in calling upon missionaries and representatives of the churches in the West, through self-sacrificial devotion to our Lord, to remove all the obstacles in order that Christ's prayer for unity may be fulfilled in China.

We confidently hope that the Church of China, thus united, will be able to remain an impetus to the speedy healing of the broken bodies of Christ in the West.

If this statement has any meaning at all, it is that the Chinese should now indertake to send missionaries to Christendom to convert Christians to their own Gospel! Denominationalism, as these orientals so plainly see, is a betrayal of Christ; it is a source not of "inspiration," but of "confusion, bewilderment, and inefficiency." The different denominations may have had a significance once, but this significance is now purely "historical," and interest therein is "not shared by (the) Chinese." Hence the appeal to Christians, not only in China but everywhere, to "be united into one church, catholic and indivisible"! If ever there was a rebuke to Christianity, it is here. It is the ancient call, "Physician, heal thyself," all over again. Will the rebuke be heeded? We do not know. But what we *do* know is this—that, if it is not heeded, the end of Christianity, not only in the foreign mission fields, but at home as well, is close at hand.

One play does not make a season, any more than one swallow makes a summer. But one play may redeem a season from the inanity, frivolity and indecency which now flourish so abundantly upon the American stage. One play at least is now serving this high purpose in New York—John Galsworthy's drama, "Loyalties." A thrilling story absorbingly told, a style of unvarying purity and distinction, an ethical problem analyzed in all its individual and social ramifications, are the elements which comprise a work of art of the first importance. The theme concerns a theft, the charging of the crime by the victim, a Jew, upon a young English army officer and club-man, and the instant grouping of all the persons concerned under the determining influence of loyalty. Every character is a man or woman of the highest virtue as exemplified at least by this quality of loyalty. The Jew is loyal to his race, the host to his friend, the general to the army, the lawyer to his profession, the policeman to his orders, the wife to her husband. Yet where do all these admirable loyalties take these people—to hatred, revenge, suicide, death, misery, and the complete disorder of their little world. It is a tragic denouement, dictated by the very virtue which all the characters concerned had been so rigorously practising. What wonder, as the curtain falls, one of the women cries out, "Keep faith! We've all done that. It's not enough." Loyalty is not enough! The play is a tremendous document, just as it stands—an analysis that searches every heart. But what shall we say of it as a parable of the Great War? Like Galsworthy's preceding play, "The Skin Game," this drama must take its place as a surpassingly significant interpretation of what war is and what war does. Those who cannot see it on the boards, should read it as published by Scribner's.

The Call to Action

"O Lord, how long, how long!" is the cry on the lips of many wearied souls. The way seems so long; the progress so slow; the part that any individual can do so infinitesimal that many are ready to drop out of the procession, and many have done so during the past three years. The war for peace and democracy, the Peace of Versailles, the war after the war for oil and trade routes, have thoroughly disillusioned many ardent souls. Today they are wandering alone in the wreck of a world they once thought theirs, meeting now and then other despairing souls with no word of courage and cheer.

Here is the answer to the question as to why we do not get on. The war only brought out into bold relief what had been going on for years, the silent war that led up to the climax so tragic that no man could fail to see and understand. What we attribute to the war, this turning of men in despair from the great task of

humanity, is not some new thing in the world. Through the ages this giving up of the task has been going on. During the past four years, we have simply seen it on a grand scale. It has been dramatized for us. Men have quit and gone to the rear not singly, but in large groups. They have thrown down the armor of the spirit by battalions, crying, "You have lied to us and we are through."

As book after book, secret archives from chancellery after chancellery, memoirs and confessions, have poured from the press, the cry, "They have lied to us," has swelled louder and louder as more and more disheartened men and women, who believed all and gave all, have learned something of the truth.

With the psalmist they have wailed, "Whom shall my soul believe," and out of their new born doubt has come back the hideous answer, "No one." Despising themselves for being dupes, and hating the ones that duped them, they have given up the battle.

Terribly tragic as it all is, it is nothing new. What we have seen in the large has always been the tragedy of the race. Youth with courage and hope has ever rushed to the forefront of a battle for the progress of mankind. Then has come age and knowledge and with it weariness of the flesh. And with these the dropping out of the struggle! Men who have started with a great company, have found themselves at the end of ten years with only a few comrades and at the end of twenty years there remained only two or three battle-scarred veterans. Those who thought that increasing years would give them larger and larger numbers, only found themselves a meagre few in battle against the forces of evil.

To retain the spirit of youth, to add knowledge to courage and yet never falter, requires the continuous devotion of the highest power of the human soul. We fail and fail again and yet again because men have always done just what they are doing now. They have become weary and dropped out!

Because the task is hard, is no reason for giving it up. If we fail to scale the mountain peak today, it still remains a challenge to us on the morrow. The glory is not in winning, but in never failing. If we win, we win only to find another task ahead. Man's triumph is not in the things he does, but in the endeavor to do them. The real failure, the fearful tragedy is not in losing the battle, but in the loss of one's soul.

Men say today that other men are not worth the sacrifice. The easy chair, the open fire and an old book that tells of the chivalry of a bygone day, is better than the open road and the stars of heaven. So wearied with the conflict that seems to them to have no end, they retreat to the rear with the cowards and the indifferent. They add unmeasured burdens to the few that are left, but secure for themselves security and ease.

Enough of youth in any generation start on the highway of life to carry measurably forward the race of men toward the Kingdom of God. It is the "droppers out" that make the task impossible for the seekers of light. These are broken, but they never fail. Deserted, forgotten, alone and weary in body and mind, they carry on to the end.

The tragedy that Mazzini had to face daily as the years went by was the fact that one by one the men who had sworn eternal fealty to the principles of "Young Italy" grew weary, and, enticed by the hope of reward, left him to carry the banner almost alone. No one can doubt that the Italy of today would be another Italy if the Young Republicans had been true to Mazzini's dream.

It can not always be said:

> Just for a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

Men quit because they are tired. They fail to see that in giving up, they place their burden on the shoulders of others. Some must carry on. If with others, well and good; if alone, well and good; but carry on they must. And he who retreats to his comfortable chair by the fire side, can see, if he looks without, the few staggering under the burdens that have been placed on their shoulders by such as he.

If the purpose was the victory, men might well give up. The end is so far off. The way is so hard. But the purpose is not the victory but in the struggle itself. Even the little victories along the way present temptations that overcome even strong men. The Civil War over, the slave free, meant to many that the task was done. Few saw with Wendell Phillips that it had just begun. But he did see and pressed on.

Today we face defeat, not victory. The white flag of peace has been trodden in the dust and stained with the blood of countless women and children. The high hopes of brave men and women have been overwhelmed by the torrents of hate that have engulfed the world. In many respects we must begin all over again. But this is no time to quit. There are ten times ten thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. They must be united once more under the banners of Humanity and the march begun again toward the City of God. Now is the time when we should reply to the challenge of those noble words of Channing, "I am always young for liberty." We can say that we will never grow old in the struggle to free mankind from the bondage of ignorance, prejudice and fear. We can determine that we will not lay on the shoulders of noble leaders burdens greater than they can bear. The age calls to the eternal youth in all of us. "Now is the time for action. Retreat at the peril of your soul."

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Sunday in Berlin

Editorial Correspondence.

I think the UNITY fraternity will be interested in the way I spent a part of this Sunday (Oct. 29) in Berlin. I will not give account of all the hours, for all of it would not be "edifying for the saints." Having seen in the *Daily Berlin American* that the "American Church" at 6 Mortstrasse would hold services at 11:30 o'clock, I turned my feet thitherward. I was determined to walk; so I started out armed with my *"Voege-Plan von Berlin,"* which I am not ashamed to unfold on the street-corner.

I walked leisurely westward along Dorotheen Str. until I came to the entrance of the Thiergarten where it meets Unter den Linden at the Pariser Place, where is a triumphal arch, surmounted by a Chariot of Victory. It doesn't fit in the landscape of 1922. On finding at this point that I should be unable to cover the distance, on foot, to put me in my pew at 11.30 o'clock, I called a taxi, which deposited me in time for the opening doxology. I paid the driver 400 marks—a price of his own naming—which today is just a cent of American money. The days spoken of by the prophet when "beggars should ride" have come to pass.

The Berlin American Church is a nice stone church, whose corner was laid in 1901. I was handed a nice little four-page calendar, on which was printed the order of service and the statement that Rev. J. F. Dickie, D. D., is leader of the work. There is a "Louise Dickie Library," which has 10,000 books and is opened every Wednesday, 4 to 5 o'clock. There is a good organ. About 150 people, American and British, were in attendance at the service. The doxology was followed by a recitation of the Apostles Creed—which the apostles never heard of, would not recognize and few really believe. I am confident, e.g., that not one in the congregation believes in the "resurrection of the body." The first lesson, read by Rev. Mr. Short, was the 8th Psalm; the second lesson from Romans the 15th chapter. Dr. Dickie asked us all to pray for the President of the United States, the President of the German Commonwealth, and the King of Britain together with the Queen.

I was interested in the notices. Dr. Dickie gave a brief account of his stewardship. He said the church was closed for four years, during the war. That seemed to me to be a pity. During that period, the building became considerably dilapidated, as would be natural with any empty church. Two years and a half ago he returned to Berlin, since which time the building had been completely renovated, at an expense of only $1500. He further announced that the young people of the church were out to raise 100,000 marks to be given to the Red Cross to assist the middle-class poor of Berlin—not the workers, "for they had good wages and employment" (I registered a demurrer here) but the professors, the clergy, the lawyers, who had been dependent upon an income through dividends or interest. These he said would feel "the pinch of poverty the most." He is probably correct.

I calculated what that congregation proposed to do, if they carried out the suggestion. They were nearly all well-kept Americans, doubtless some of them rich. Well, 100,000 marks make just $25.00. I had a hard time determining what I should give in the "regular offering" when the plate came. I really felt mean when I slipped in 500 marks (I hope St. Peter isn't acquainted with the falling mark. What a lot to my credit!). Out of curiosity, I asked an usher what a good Sunday collection amounted to. He said from 2000 to 8000 marks; 50 cents to 2 dollars is a fine record for 150 well fed Americans to maintain divine services in Berlin! And it required four stalwart young men to collect the offering, to carry it to the altar, before the cross, and there to hold it, while the minister sent up a prayer of praise and thanksgiving which was followed by a really beautiful solo on "Lord, Remember Me."

The congregation then settled down to a sermon on "The Dignity of Man" delivered by Mr. Short of Boston University. The preacher was a tall, handsome young man, fluent in speech, with a decided American accent and a tendency to introduce a "yell" element in his delivery. Of course, being a preacher myself, I found plenty to criticize. The first half was given to glittering generalities and it sounded a bit like a "trial-sermon"; but Mr. Short really delivered some wholesome sentiments toward the close, which were worth far more than the big collection of 8,000 marks—2 dollars! He said that enormous lies had been printed by the papers, during the war. He had found good in all men. He had found that there were about as many outrages during the war on one side as on the other. "When you come to know people you cannot hate them." He referred to the many fine friends he had met in Germany. "No cause," he said, "was worth the blowing the brains of a fellow-man into mud." It is a pity this must be found out after the brains have been blown out of eight or ten million fellow-men!

After the sermon I slipped across the street and got some coffee and bread and butter (all excellent) in a magnificent restaurant, was waited on by a courtly gentleman and it all cost me 150 marks or one-third of a cent! It makes one feel like a highway robber or a millionaire. I know what it is to walk the earth and feel that I can buy practically a thousand times more than I can eat and wear.

In walking back to the hotel—where a beautiful room cost me about 30 cents a day—I went along Charlottenberger Chaussee through the wonderful forest of the Thiergarten and then along Unter den Linden. I looked closely and sympathetically at the people—men, women, children. They were not gay. I thought they were rather quiet. There are many things to depress them. For example, I passed a large building which is a museum. It was in 1914 a Colonies Building! I have been told several times that tuberculosis threatens to be severe this winter, due to under-nourishment. On the other hand there has been less insanity, fewer suicides—so a young doctor told me—due to a decided decrease of the alcoholic habit.

I confess to being charmed with the cleanliness, the economy, the politeness of the thousands I touch, and one cannot help liking them. This is practically the experience of every American who lives in Germany. They seem to like Americans. Out of the 3,000 medical students in the University of Berlin, half of them come from foreign lands. Of these 1500, America

leads the list with Japan as second. My short sojourn in England and Germany emphasizes to my mind the terrible crime of the war (for which all participants were to blame) and the equally terrible crime of the Treaty of Versailles. The mark has gone to the abyss of commercial chaos, and now the franc seems to have started for the same goal; all of which illustrates Booker T. Washington's remark, that the white man can't pull the black man into the gutter without getting into the gutter himself. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Joy of Life

XV.

A flag for a soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation robed in gloom
With its faithless past shall strive,
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

Four years have now passed since the last gun was fired in that international human slaughter which society has chosen to designate as the World War; four years since thousands and thousands heroically sacrificed life under the conviction that by so doing they were forwarding the cause of civilization; only four years and already the great printing presses, which record the thought-life of mankind, are turning out comments on that unprecedented combat which in satire if not in subtlety equal these lines quoted above from that recent American poet's poet, William Vaughn Moody. A world deluded, and under the stimulus of patriotic and religious devotion sending forth its stalwart young men with the solemn pledge that their life blood will make sacred the pages of history; that they as martyrs to a cause dearer than life itself—the cause of freedom—will, throughout the ages be honored as heroes of democracy—that was the world only four years ago. And now?

Now when Armistice Day darkens our calendars we honor, ceremoniously, that unknown soldier, saying:

Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark.

But after the wreath has been placed on the grave, our minds reflect, and in that reflection questions arise: Did America really benefit by the Revolutionary War? Could not the secession of the states have been prevented short of a Civil War? Was it chiefly a desire for altruism or for acquisition that fostered the Spanish-American War? And the late World War—was it a fight to end fighting; a fight for freedom, for democracy, or was it the result of an egotistical nationalism? It is well that those who so bravely gave their lives remain in ignorance of these questions which trouble our minds, and perhaps it is well that the pages of future histories will never, by them, be read. If the world has been deluded, then let the soldier who died for a delusion sleep in the happiness which it brought.

O banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!

But four years have now passed, and while

In Flander's Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row

we, who still live, must think, think of the terrific sacrifice; think of those courageous young faces which turned eastward, and from the East never returned; think of the ideals which fired their enthusiasm, and then, as the embers slowly die in the grates of our lonely homes, wonder, wonder if it was all a delusion. Oh, it takes courage to die for a great ideal; it takes yet more courage to live for that ideal, but where among things finite can we find sufficient courage to press forward under the appalling conception that, perhaps, after all, the ideal for which those thousands died, and for which we have lived, is, in reality, only a delusion? Thanks to kind Providence those dead will never know, those poppies will ever blow, and each Armistice Day we who are yet living can, with fitting ceremony, place the wreath on the grave of that unknown soldier, saying as we do so:

Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

THE FREE MIND OF MAN.

Back somewhere in the untraced moons of aeons
Life struggled all unknowing, till time hurled
Across man's meagre brow dull thought-shafts, dimly
Compelling him to make a better world.

Exalted thus he labored with his stone axe,
Though claw and tooth had been his forebears' stay,
The past was dead, no abject customs bound him.
He dared to raise his head to greet the day.

When he had glimpsed a ready, human future
Out from his cave-home on his knees he crawled,
And with the very rocks that had entombed him
His castle on the mountain top he walled.

As in his primal state he challenged nature
To hold him to the matrix whence he'd sprung,
So man today is crawling from the caverns
Of fossil-girt ideas to which he's clung.

And looking back across the great adventure,
The highway of evolving life he's trod
Through countless pristine mazes and mutations,
Lost in the mystic source which he names God,

He sees his past so intricate and mighty
Rising from sluggish protoplasts of earth
That he is filled with faith in his soul's prowess
To brave transfiguration and new birth.

Forthwith he leaps the boundaries of tradition,
Loosing his spirit to the urge within,
Calling upon his own fine-growing conscience
To save him from deceptive paths called sin.

Free as the birds of air his spirit follows
New thoughts, new aims, new visions and new songs.
Neglecting what the past has measured holy,
He forms new moral codes to meet new wrongs.

For only on the wings of conscious freedom
Can he transcend the ever crumbling years.
To dare to think is man's primordial virtue,
His passport to the range of cosmic spheres;

His promise of a growth beyond the present;
His re-poised hope of paradisiac bliss—
This earth delivered from her hell incarnate
Of hate's slow fires and greed's profound abyss.

Acknowledging his ancient brutal complex,
A sentient mind, he stands intense and bold
And with his super-lens of tested knowledge
Searches the caves that sheltered him of old,

Till in the scope of rational reflection
He finds the simple meaning of God's grace,
That all life is his kin, his natural brothers
Mankind of every color, tribe and race.

From this he sees the filth behind the glitter
Of war, and tells it to his brother men;
And after they have scourged him for sedition
They find him blazoning the truth again.

His yearnings are not silenced by repression,
Nor kept in leash by fitting conduct rules.
He truckles to no sovereignty of pattern.
He bursts the bans of censors as of fools.

In thinking he unfolds a normal function
Impelling as his living, daily breath;
And on he presses unashamed, unhalted
By prison bars or threats of ugly death.

Thus do the dung-heaps of the past grow fecund.
Reason in divers beds doth sow her seed;
And from the rotting misery of ages
Blossoms creative thought to meet man's need.

So shall he grasp achievement yet undreamt of,
As cave man visioned not of life today.
And love glows warm, the synthesis of being,
As man throws his mind-fetishes away.

Costa Mesa, Calif.

FANNY BIXBY SPENCER.

"Is the Church Christian?"

A crisis confronts religion in the modern world. A new Reformation is necessary within the Christian Church, if it is to survive, besides which the Protestant Reformation will seem insignificant. Like all our other institutions, religion is in revolution. Either some new form of Christianity or sheer atheism will soon become dominant in the more advanced nations, with agnostic scientific positivism as a third possibility. A fourth possibility, of course, is that our whole civilization may revert to a lower level, and that older and cruder forms of religion may again appear and become common. But this could scarcely occur until the foundations of the higher forms of religion had become sapped; while for psychological reasons, any widespread dissemination and popular acceptance of an agnostic positivism is improbable. Practically, therefore, the alternatives before the modern world in a religious way would seem to be either radical irreligion or some more socialized and rationalized form of the religion of Jesus than has yet been attained. The final outcome of the religious revolution through which we are passing is not yet discernible; but its possibilities, are, and it is time for thoughtful men to choose among these possibilities while they are still free to shape the future of religion.—*The Reconstruction of Religion,* DR. CHARLES A. ELLWOOD.

No small amount of criticism will be heaped upon my head for even daring to raise such a question as to whether the church is Christian. Men have from time immemorial looked upon the church as a divine institution without fault or blemish. To question any of its motives or its actual practices has been the supreme heresy for which men were burned at the stake; or in later times excommunicated from the fellowship of their brethren. My attempt is not to heap destructive criticism upon the church, for no one loves the church any more than I. But my love for the church has not blinded me to its faults and weaknesses. Whenever men have risen to criticize the church it was because they loved it and wanted to see it purified and devitalized. I have no patience with destructive criticism, such as tears down for the pure sport of it; while on the other hand, constructive criticism seeks to build up by pointing out the weaknesses and eliminating faulty material. Americans are incurably optimistic. They cannot see how anything in their national life could have something wrong with it; hence they have a tendency to gloss over imperfections and weaknesses. This is true of their attitude toward the church as with everything else.

For some time past the question as to whether the church is Christian has severely agitated my mind. This has been accentuated by certain definite experiences which I had during the summer months. In the first place, there is the appalling decrease in the influence of the church over the lives of men and women in our large cities. For example, when a religious census was taken in New York City last spring it was discovered that less than 7 per cent of 7,000,000 people living in that city were willing to declare a preference for the Christian church. And a prominent man in that city ventured the belief that within a few years there would be no Protestant church upon Manhattan Island. This leads me to ask, if the church is all that it claims to be, why does it not appeal to more than 7 per cent of the 7,000,000 people in this city or any other city? To this is added the startling fact that in whole counties of our country the church has already disappeared. Is the fault with men and women, or is it with the church? In the second place, I observed a growing tendency towards distinctively pagan ideals of life that masquerades under the guise of culture and so-called broad-mindedness. The lamentable fact about this condition is that the men and women who manifest this tendency are the product of so-called Christian homes and Christian churches. By pagan tendencies I mean a reversion to brazen selfishness with a manifest indifference to the effect those actions have on the well being of others. Now these people are not criminals nor the alleged scum of the earth. They are men and women who hold responsible positions, and who possess to a degree, learning, refinement and culture. One woman told me she was not concerned with what happened to the family next door; her business was to develop herself and get all the enjoyment and pleasure out of life she could, no matter if she was obliged to get it at the expense of others. "In the end," she said, "we must all feed upon each other, and then the strongest, the keenest will survive." Here is a product of a so-called Christian home and so-called Christian church. The only difference between this woman and the rest is that she possessed the audacity to tell me what she believes, whereas the others were a bit too timid to give expression to their philosophy of life. The third fact which leads me to ask this question is the confession made by the leading social scientists of our country, a number of whom I met this summer. The major portion of them agree with Prof. Santayanna that "civilization is perhaps approaching one of those long winters that overtake it from time to time. A flood of barbarism from below may soon level all the fair works of our Christian ancestors as another flood two thousand years ago leveled those of the ancients."

Edwin Conklin, a biologist of Princeton, speaks out in similar words, saying: "When one reflects on the

fact that for nineteen centuries so great a part of the world that professes to be Christian has remained heathen at heart, and that today the teachings of Jesus are generally regarded by His so-called followers as too lofty to be practical, we may well wonder whether mankind is making any progress." Dr. Hornell Hart of Iowa University wrote me this past week saying that as the result of a recent survey of his taken among leading men and women, by far the largest percentage of them do not look upon the church as having any worth-while influence over the life of the people. Added to these testimonies is the vast literature on this subject which has come from the press within the past year and a half. The consensus of opinion as expressed in this literature is that the church is marking time and is struggling with might and main to preserve itself as an institution, appealing to men on the basis of its divine origin, rather than its contribution to men's lives. Our own Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, in an article published in *The Christian Century* in April, 1921, on the subject "Is Modern Literature Christless?" affirms that modern literature is written as though Christ had never lived, and therefore has never exerted any influence upon the world.

The confession is made by men who are little interested in the organized church that Christianity as taught by Jesus is simply impossible and impracticable; that no amount of interpretation can cause it to be otherwise. If that is true, then what Lincoln said about our nation is applicable here, namely: "A nation cannot remain half slave and half free. Either it will be all slave or all free." So with the church. It cannot remain half Christian and half pagan. Either it will be all Christian or all pagan. And this is our proposition.

It is always well to define terms, so that one is understood. Let us ask the question: "What do we mean by The Church?" By the church I mean organized Christianity in its practice and pronouncements. This includes all the Protestant and Catholic churches. It is concerning this that I ask the question whether it is Christian. The way to discover the answer to this question is by applying the acid test of Jesus Himself—"by their fruits shall ye know them." Now then, what are the fruits?

The first view we take of the "fruits" is that of our civilization. What is it? Where do its roots go down into? Do they go to Jesus or to some other source? We are obliged to admit at the very start that belief, ideals and standards ultimately determine the character of nations as well as of individuals. Civilization is built upon definite theories. Its government, its industry, its commerce, its education, its religion, are all built upon certain theories and standards. These become laws and order of regulation, and what they are, the people become. What a civilization is, must be determined by the theories that underlie its practices. Now then, where do the roots of our civilization go? Do they go to Jesus, or do they go to Rome and Greece? Surely no student of history can come to any other conclusion, save that our civilization is a continuation of the Greco-Roman civilization with certain definite modifications in accord with the fundamental principles upon which this civilization was built. The Greco-Roman civilization was built upon the principles of the Sophists and Epicureans and not upon those of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. Nietzsche and other political scientists contend that these were the corrupters of Greece, just as Christianity was the corrupter of western civilization. This rested upon the principle that might made right, and that pleasure is the highest good. The Roman civilization was built upon the principles of Cæsar, Nero and Tragan, and not upon those of Seneca and Marcus Aurelius. This again rested upon the predatory use of brute force, upon the subjugation and exploitation of the weak. Later the Teutonic tribesmen of the north with their predatory traditions, plus their readiness to accept these brutal principles of the Greco-Roman civilization, set about to lay the foundation for the civilization upon which our present one is built.

Into such a civilization the church came to begin its work, and the question of utmost importance to us is whether it has absorbed the spirit and practices of this Greco-Roman civilization or whether it has remained true to the simple teachings of Jesus. We know beyond a shadow of a doubt that the ideal by which the world lives is pagan and not Christian; for war and Christianity are incompatible, even as nationalism and ill-will are not of the spirit of Christianity. And here I ask the solemn question, "Is this the fault of the world, or of the church?" Why is it that the ideal by which the world lives after nineteen centuries of Christian teaching is still pagan and not Christian? Surely if Christianity is all that it claims to be, and that its acceptance as an ideal of life would make the world such a wonderful place in which to live, why then has not the world accepted it? My impartial and somewhat cruel answer is: "Because the church is not Christian in its practice, and pronouncements." It has compromised and trimmed to suit the demands of predatory interests until its teachings have become a rose water and talcum powder affair. It is flabby, cowardly, and does not even know its own mind. It has sold its soul for a mess of pottage, and goes about as a mendicant begging for the alms of the people.

Why do I make bold to say these cruel things? Because "by their fruits ye shall know them." What are these fruits? They are:

(1) The church has taught and still teaches that religion is a purely subjective experience between God and the individual soul. It has insisted that religious activity consists in the participation in and fulfillment of certain creedal and ritualistic requirements. It has been entirely theistic, never humanistic. It has nothing to do with the family, or business, or the nation, or mankind, but with God. These are secular duties and not sacred. They are ethical and not spiritual fidelities. They are not religious! How a man lived, what he did, how he treated his fellowmen, how he earned or did not earn his money, was of no concern to the church. Man was to concern himself with God and not with his fellows. It has taught him how to get peace of mind subjectively; how to get health; how to soothe his conscience, but has never insisted that all this was to be but a means to an end, that end being how to serve his fellows more adequately because of his better fitness. So long as the church did not attack corruption, injustice, ill-will or inhumanity, but rather confined itself to salving men's consciences and in a measure justifying their rascality, so long was it supported and given a clean bill of health; but the moment it was persecuted for its righteous stand and its insistence upon the practice of the golden rule, that moment did it acquiesce and retrench; with the result that today it is impotent in a world torn with strife and turmoil.

(2) The church has made no attempt to practice

brotherhood. Its own history is naught but a pathetic paradox on brotherhood. If it will not practice brotherhood within its own life, how then can it expect a pagan world built upon strife, competition, bitterness, ill-will and brute force to practice it? I am not unmindful of the isolated beautiful lives of individual men and women who have lived within the church, but they did not represent the rank and file of the church's product. Why all these sect and creed-torn churches in any community? Simply because a perpetuation of prejudice and opinions is of greater importance to it than brotherhood. If we expect nations to scrap battleships and war paraphernalia costing billions of dollars and thus begin a rational practice of brotherhood, the church must first of all be willing to scrap its denominational war paraphernalia before it can begin a rational practice of brotherhood. Then will the world take some account of its prattle about brotherhood. Brotherhood is not a bit of poetry. It is a condition of living among men, and has to do with the every-day affairs of life. It is not something that will take place in the hereafter, but rather something that must be practiced here, if it is ever going to be practiced anywhere. If the antithesis of brotherhood has cost billions of dollars, then surely the antithesis of ill-will will require many more. Let us suppose for a moment that the churches of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the United States, yea, the entire world, would with one accord say, "We are going to scrap all of our war-breeding machinery and in its place erect one church, dedicating it to the realization of the brotherhood of mankind in which all men shall meet on the basis of their common humanity as sons of the living God," then only can it say to the world, "Now you scrap all of your institutions and ill-will breeding machinery, for we are all brothers, not enemies, but friends, and pilgrims on the common way of life." I have little doubt but that the world will then give some serious attention to the church's talk about brotherhood. This will require first of all a magnanimous spirit: a spirit as true and as profound as that which was in Jesus. It will require devotion of time and money to build upon this world a brotherhood of godly men. Without this attempt "we men are slaves and travel downward to the dust of graves."

(3) The church has feared to call men to a consistent practice of the teachings of Jesus in all the relationships of life, and then called those to repentance who dared to do otherwise. But not so with Jesus. He rebuked the selfish men of His day with words that cut like the sharp edge of a sword, calling them "sly foxes," "a whitewashed sepulchre of dead men's bones." He told them how they strained at gnats in their punctilious observance of ritual and then swallowed camels by committing glaring injustices. He reminded them of how they devoured widows' and orphans' homes and then gave tithe to salve their conscience. Jesus' religion was essentially a new relation of man with man, and when this had taken place the two would have a new relation to God. Jesus had little to say about God and man's relationship to God apart from the relationship of man with man. The essence of His gospel, known as the Golden Rule, implies that if man fulfilled it, God has thereby been brought into the lives of both men. What has the church to say these days about social questions, about our relations with foreign nations, about civic matters, about the thousand problems that concern man's daily life? Not a word. It is told to stick to the business of preaching the gospel, and not to meddle in worldly affairs. It is told that preachers know nothing about these things; that these are matters for politicians, statesmen and captains of industry. And rightly so. Preachers do not know much about these details, but if they are true to their prophetic calling they ought to know something about justice, about righteousness, about goodwill and brotherhood; and it is their business to call to repentance those who will not practice the Christian ideal. Without this they are teachers of a pagan ideal and not disciples of the great preacher of righteousness. Who is it that the world reveres today? Is it the coward? Nay, it is the man that calls the world to repentance, the man who dares to stand up and criticize; for the heretics of yesterday are the saints of today. These were the men at whom past generations threw stones. Today their children have gathered up these stones and erected a monument to them.

(4) The church has not called men to heroism for righteousness and progress. It has thrown its lot with the standpatters and the reactionaries. What is it doing today? It is fighting modern learning, as witness the bill presented for passage in the state legislature of Kentucky prohibiting the teaching of evolution and every modern science in state-taxed schools. Has it not done so in the past? What was the fate of Gallileo, Bruno, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin and Kepler? These men are immortal because they dared a life for progress. It is doing all it can to have men go back to the old ways of "the balance of power," whether this be in nationalism, in economics, in politics or in religion. Because of this anemic view of life it has not produced a worth-while martyr for a hundred and fifty years. Men will give their pennies for a cause in which they are not much interested, but they will give their lives to a great challenge.

No wonder it cannot inspire men with zest, with daring, with heroism, for it has no heroic methods. It counsels men to "submit," "be patient," "endure your lot here, for in heaven you will have a golden crown." Its message to men in their relationship is "expediency, go easy, go slow, you may offend someone"; this is the admonition and the challenge it holds before men's eyes. Until it is willing to lose its life and so find it again; until it is willing to take up the cross and follow Jesus, it will remain to be that lukewarm, nauseating thing which the church at Laodicea was, fit only to be spewn out of the mouth of an impatient God, and an irritated society.

What of the future? Will the church become Christian? Here and there I behold the gray streak of the dawn of a new day. Men and women are seeking to build a Christian church, as witness the growth of the Community churches. Already 710 have been organized in this country; and in many cases they are the spontaneous growth of community life. These men and women are impatient with the sect and creed-torn churches. They have determined to build a church that shall resemble the spirit of the founder after whom they have named it—Jesus of Nazareth. And since it has been true in the past, that Christianity has created its Christ, it is now becoming increasingly true that Christ will through men create a Christianity which will result in the making of a Christian world. And to that end we of today must labor.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW.

Walter Rathenau

The murder of Rathenau was a symbolic action of the most terrible kind, destroying an exceedingly subtle and rare instrument of human spirit which in its kind may well be said to be irreplaceable. His practical capacities encircled a wide range of extraordinary scope. A technician by training, he first made a number of inventions and put them to practical use. Later on he entered the concern of the *Allgemeine Elektrizitätsgesellschaft,* of which his father had been founder, and became its president. At the beginning of the war he was the first to recognize the necessity of a system for the supply of raw materials and it was he, an ex-official, who actually organized Germany's whole supply of raw materials. After the war he was the one man who made Germany acceptable to the Allies to negotiate with. It was he, who, as Minister for Reconstruction, succeeded in bringing about the Loucheur agreement and what he achieved at Genoa, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, is still fresh in all minds.

His mental disposition enabled him to comprehend and to realize in his own heart the confusion of his age and to overcome it. The central point of his thoughts and aspirations was ever the human soul. Loss of the soul was, to him, the worst thing that can happen to an individual or to a nation. It is for the sake of the soul only that politics and economics became matters of weight and importance to him. "Fight for the soul of our nation," are the last words of his pathetic address, "To Germany's Youth," in which he disclosed the futility of all discussions about the causes and the aims of the war.

In the core of his heart Rathenau was a romanticist who often looked back yearningly to the more cultured and more soul-inspired forms of the life of past centuries. This accounts for many features in his economic views, laid down in a stately number of brilliant writings. His was the firm conviction that a far higher degree of co-operation is needed in economic life. He realized the bitter want of economy of work in the unsystematic capitalistic manner of production and combatted the lawless freedom of trade with its anti-cultural effects, one of the most dire being the blind creation of new needs for the sole purpose of securing larger sales. It was self-evident to him that the insecurity and dependence of the proletariat should be removed. Although by this he stood aloof from the views of his own class he was no socialist. He did not believe in a single central body regulating the economic life of the entire society after a uniform plan, but he thought of a concentration of the single economic branches in autonomous bodies, which, in the old manner, work for gain but are taxed for the community, a sort of social capitalism, effected by a co-operation of employers and employed. He wished for the redemption of the lower classes into a state of material and spiritual freedom but he shrank from placing the future into the hands of the workers, convinced as he was that their ways must needs lead to socialism, even though wage struggles and struggles for power, and not the new order of life itself, are the direct aim. On the other hand, he fully recognized the fact that the ways of capitalism, although they provide for organizations, which, through their centralization and concentration, in part also serve socialistic purposes, must needs render men more and more adamant and unfit to co-operate with the workers' class.

It is for these reasons that Rathenau turned to the nation as a whole with his projects of reorganization. Comprehending society as a technician, he hoped, perhaps, that a new order of things might be enforced, in the same way as a new machine makes its way by itself everywhere, exclusively by the good quality of its construction and its practicability.

Rathenau hailed the rise of the workers' class with sympathy and always pursued the development of Russian Bolshevism with deep earnestness, although he disapproved of its policy and institutions and predicted its failure. But he rejected the spirit of socialism just as he rejected that of bourgeois capitalism. This is, perhaps, what made him a lonely man.

As Minister for Reconstruction and for Foreign Affairs he strained every effort to serve Germany and world peace. He knew that salvation does not lie in the preparation for future conflicts, but in surmounting them. Even during the war he had become more and more alienated from those who defended war. Now the situation of 1848 has repeated itself again, though in smaller dimensions. Junkers, officers, officials and young people surrounding them have taken up the fight against the democrats and the workers, supported in this by the owners of big estates and all those who had profited by the former state of things. The attack was so sharp that part of the middle class joined the workers for the defence, some of them because they hoped to avoid civil war in this way. Rathenau stood unreservedly on the side of those who took up the struggle of defence against this "Yesterday." As a "Bolshevist" and a "Jew," he was a special object of hatred to the people of "Yesterday," who gathered round the flags of nationalism and anti-Semitism. So it came that he fell a victim to the murderous bullet, fighting as he was on the side of the proletariat, although by spirit and will he stood above all parties.

From "Reconstruction." —*Otto Neurath.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Far East

Dr. Reinsch's book, "An American Diplomat in China,"[1] is interesting and of permanent importance chiefly because his service as American Minister to China came at a time of exceptional significance. The six years from 1913 to 1919 cover the period of the Republic practically from its beginning and include such events as the passing of Yuan Shi Kai, the entry of China into the war, the momentary elevation of the boy emperor to the throne, and the student movement. A man must be a less keen observer than Reinsch and one less ready with his pen if he fails to produce an interesting book with such materials. In a way, the book is a journal of his doings in the country, with comments on men, conditions, situations, policies and prospects. That our Minister in six years' stay seems to have accomplished nothing that was brilliant, little that was durable, few things advantageous to us or helpful to China, is less his fault than his misfortune. Probably no man could have done better in that trying time. If not responsible for China's breaking relations with Germany, Reinsch was at least the agent through whom the pressure of our government was brought to bear on China for the gaining of that end. We were as responsible as any for the naturally following actual entry into the fray. If any nation was ever victimized by an international confidence game it was China when she entered the war at the behest of the Allies. Neither inclination nor direct national interest impelled her to do so. She acted in the hope of definite results; her hope was misplaced. Dr. Reinsch is sympathetic with China and with the Republic. He considers the old order past. He will put new wine into the old bottles; he will make an old people over in a night. Of course he will fail—has failed. There is little hope in the western educated, untrained boys and girls who figure so largely in the present political chaos of China. The saviors of the country, if she is to be saved, must be Chinese of the Chinese, educated and feeling as Chinese, knowing something of China and her past. Sun Yat Sen and Wellington Koo are not the men who will make a nation out of China. Nor is a constitutional government patterned closely upon our own likely to solve China's problems. Our form will prove as sad a misfit there as it has in the republics of Latin-America. The government that succeeds in China must be one based upon the facts of China's history and social order. It will be different, and should be, from governments born under totally different circumstances. Dr. Reinsch gives considerable space to the student movement. Whatever good may come from that strange outburst, it was in itself an hysterical, unreasoned and unreasoning paroxysm. Tyau's "China Awakened" gives a full account of it and although Tyau thinks it a great movement, he clearly shows how it lost in spirit and respectability in its progress until its weaknesses were evident. We are not altogether proud that it was the American Legation to which the mob of angry youth went, as if for direction—"the first impulse of the students was to see the American Minister, to ask him whether this news was true, and to see what he had to say." Is it proper that political news should be given out from a Legation, and that the Minister accredited to its government should be appealed to by a mob for his opinion before it proceeds to attack? Our Minister was absent so, as he says, he "escaped a severe ordeal." Dr. Reinsch repeatedly recommended specific measures for the aid of China to our government; in every case he failed to gain support. Not infrequently the failure of Americans (government and financial groups) to back him left him in a delicate position. China will gradually come to distrust all American protestations of interest and friendship. There are substantial reasons in the past relations of the two countries for her to expect our assistance in a crisis. We lead them to hopes: we fail them when the moment arrives. It is a thankless task for a man of Dr. Reinsch's sympathies to be American Minister to China. His experience in the country was interesting: its record is instructive.

A fat volume, so closely printed that its reading is eye-wearying, is Sidney D. Gamble's social survey of Peking.[2] Mr. Gamble was assisted in its preparation by John Stewart Burgess. The book is proudly announced as "the first social survey of an Oriental city." It is prefaced with forewords by G. Sherwood Eddy and Robert A. Woods and is "dedicated to THE MISSIONARIES whose work has made this study possible." So it is surely a good book. The survey was conducted under the auspices of the Princeton University Center in China and the Peking Young Men's Christian Association. It is a real social survey such as is now considered quite the proper first step in applied sociology and uplift work in the west. It is as well done as could be expected under the present conditions and contains a vast amount of interesting information. It is written as a basis for constructive social work. Much, unquestionably, must be done in the improvement of the Chinese capital. The book shows a genuine sympathy with the Chinese and a recognition of the fact that improvement effort must recognize what the Chinese themselves have done and aim at development rather than displacement. Still it is a book by outsiders, it represents an outside view, it is based upon assumption of foreign standards. A reading of the book shows that the Chinese have never failed to grapple with their social problems; they have often found solutions remarkably adjusted to their needs; some of their philanthropies have met the situation. The guild adjusted itself to the necessities of a crowded population and eliminated competition; its replacement by the methods of controlling labor or trade of the western individualistic type will work ruin. The case is illustrative of a far-reaching principle. The police of Peking has developed a much ramified activity that is praiseworthy and astonishing. It is a heavily burdened organization but it is to be hoped that much of the future uplift effort will be left to it, with a *minimum* of advice and direction. Our authors find the *model prisons* admirable; they are Chinese developed, under foreign suggestion. We think they have already gone too far and will ultimate-

[1] "An American Diplomat in China." Paul S. Reinsch. Garden City: 1922. Doubleday, Page and Co. 8vo; pp. xii, 396.

[2] "Peking. A Social Survey." Sidney D. Gamble. New York: 1921. George H. Doran Co. 8vo; pp. xxiii, 25, 538.

ly prove unsettling. Future uplift work in Peking presents many problems. They will be settled, if settled at all, by three classes of workers. These, in order of significance and importance, are consecrated foreign workers, Chinese imbued with western ideas and teaching, Chinese who themselves appreciate the need and work from within along Chinese lines. These last are the truly important. We will be told that it is impossible to wait for such. If so. the situation is unfortunate. Because, the Chinese people will remain Chinese and all real amelioration must be Chinese originated, Chinese directed and Chinese executed.

A book may be too heavily endorsed.[3] When a man in his "foreword" presents a long list of titled proof-readers and in his "acknowledgment" repeats the same great names as sources and helpers, the reader is rather inclined to fear that the book itself is weak. "His Highness Prince Tokugawa, President of the Japanese House of Peers," "Dr. J. C. Ferguson, Adviser to the President of the Chinese Republic, a distinguished educator and probably the leading authority on Chinese affairs" and the "Honorable William H. Taft, Chief-Justice of the United States and formerly Governor-General of the Philippine Islands" (it seems as if we have heard of this gentleman in some other association) are three of the seven proof-readers who have aided Mr. Powell in preparing his "Asia at the Crossroads." We have never known any one of them to have made a great reputation as a reader of proof and feel that the fact that they have read this proof has little weight. The book is a rather superficial discussion of Asiatic problems for popular reading. It does not aim at profundity and falls far short of it. It is in a conversational form that becomes somewhat tiresome in its intimacy. The author's pet word is *tabloid* and he puts his argument into tabloid form to meet the intellectual needs of his readers. He discusses the affairs of Asia as exemplified in Japan, Korea, China and the Philippines. He irritates, but for the most part we would agree with his conclusions regarding Japan, Korea and China. He is against immediate independence for the Philippines. He has no new argument against it, but only repeats what Americans in the Islands have vociferated ever since 1898. Shallow everywhere, our author is shallowest here, where we have the greatest interest at stake. That the Filipinos, if left to themselves, will in many ways go backward as judged by our standards, is certain. They *ought* to do so. The government which we have given them—better than our own in many ways, really model in some ways—is complicated and costly beyond the possibility of upkeep. In education, in health service, in roads, in a hundred ways, they will fall short when they stand alone. They *should,* because a government adapted to the economic development of a people and working up from within, is better than an even perfect government forced from above. Powell cites the present condition of the Bureau of Science as an instance of failure. Such a bureau as they once had ought never to have existed in the Philippines. No state in our Union—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts—would vote the proportionate money for pure science that it called for. Why should Filipinos do better?

[3] "Asia at the Crossroads." E. Alexander Powell. New York: 1922. The Century Co. 16mo; pp. xxi, 369.

We approached Russell's book[4] with some concern. We believe he accompanied the Wood-Forbes Commission and we felt that he was sent under directions. That Commission like the Fall Committee on Mexican Affairs was intended to find certain facts. We feared that Russell was to give us a picture that would warrant us in staying in the Islands a little longer. But he gives what we believe to be a simple and true account of conditions. Our own opinion is that every day we remain, the Filipinos are less capable of self-government. The Philippine story is a tragic one. The natives are in many ways gifted and keen. They gained something by their three centuries of subjection to Spain. A people of exceptional mental vigor, lovers of liberty, they were engaged in an independence struggle, when we declared war against Spain. A momentary truce has been arranged, but encouraged by us they renewed their fighting and became our allies. Filled with hope, they organized their republic. With their aid we defeated the Spaniards and then betrayed them. Against their protests we bought them and their islands from the late enemy, fought them, destroyed their government, and have now held them in subjection for almost twenty-five years. During that period they have constantly made known their desire to be independent. We have tried to be benevolent despots. We flatter ourselves that we have given them schools, a model prison, material improvement, good government. Some of these things may be good, they may have led to advance. But the whole thing is organized upon a scale impossible of maintenance by a self-taxed people. It is perfect beyond our own government. When, if ever, the people gain self-government we shall be able to point exultantly at their degeneration and failure. They have really done wonderfully well. Little by little they have forced their way. Today they are almost self-governing. The Senate and the House of Representatives are purely Filipino; the Philippines Commission has disappeared; the Governor-General, the Vice-Governor-General (who directs the work of education) and the Auditor are still Americans, appointed by our President; the number of subordinate American employees steadily diminishes. So far, the Filipinos have shown extraordinary ability in government affairs. All this and much more, in the direction of a plea for immediate independence, Russell tells us. His book is full of interesting facts. Yet—since his book was printed—the delegation from the Philippines made a new and fruitless appeal to President Harding. After a war fought for democracy our chief-magistrate has refused to grant their request. Thereby he has lost one of his best opportunities to show himself a great man, an honest man (for we are committed to Philippine independence by repeated presidential utterances), a man of broad vision. He is not likely, during his entire administration, to have another such magnificent opportunity to leave a name to posterity. Compared to this, a *successful* Washington Conference would have been a small matter. And with an unsuccessful Washington Conference, this gave an excellent opportunity for averaging up.

FREDERICK STARR.

[4] "The Outlook for the Philippines." Charles Edward Russell. New York: 1922. The Century Co. 16mo; pp. 411.

"If my soldiers would really think, not one of them would remain in the ranks."—*Frederick the Great.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE MICHIGAN COMMUNIST TRIALS.

The Facts.

In August the Communist Party of the United States held a national secret convention at the little town of Bridgeman, Michigan, on the shores of Lake Michigan, 120 miles from Chicago. The meetings began on August 21st and were held in the woods near a small summer resort, whose owner was friendly. It was planned to hold a nine-day convention. On the third day the presence of secret service men in Bridgeman was discovered, and the convention was therefore hastily adjourned. Most of the delegates left that night. The 17 who stayed over were arrested next morning by a raiding party of state, federal and local Chicago detectives, and lodged in jail at St. Joseph.

They were promptly charged with violating the Michigan criminal syndicalism law, and held in $10,000 bail each. Many of the other 50 or 60 delegates who are alleged to have been present were indicted also, and several have since been arrested in other states. Particular attention was attracted to the arrest and extradition of Wm. Z. Foster of Chicago, who is charged with being present as a fraternal delegate from the Trade Union Educational League, of which he is the organizer.

This case in Michigan differs from other prosecutions of the Communists because it is in fact a national, not a state case. It is an attempt by the federal secret service, under color of "assisting" the Michigan authorities in enforcing a local statute, to stamp out communist doctrines by jailing practically all the officers and active organizers of the communist movement in the United States. The federal government acted through state officers, having no federal law to support any action. The names of half a dozen federal agents who participated are known. The press reports at the time said the raid was made on order of Wm. J. Burns, head of the federal secret service. It is clear, therefore, that this is an effort to destroy a political movement which ought to be allowed to operate like others, in the open, but which the federal government itself forced underground in 1920 by the Palmer raids, followed by wholesale deportations of aliens and the trials of several scores of citizens in Illinois, New York and California.

The Issues.

There is not a single issue in this case except those of free speech and freedom of assembly. No overt criminal act of any sort is charged. No evidence is offered except the doctrines advocated by the communists. The Michigan criminal syndicalism law punishes the mere expression of prohibited opinions. The essence of the charge against the men is that, holding communist views, they dared meet together for discussion. Both the law and the prosecution are in violation of the rights of free speech and free assemblage. We have no concern with what the communists at Bridgeman met to discuss. They had a right to meet, publicly or privately, as they chose, to discuss anything under the sun. We will defend that right in court and out.

We are perhaps in a better position to make the case for free speech for them, since they themselves are opposed in principle to free speech. They frankly admit that they want it now for themselves, but would deny it to others if they were in power, precisely as do the Communist dictators of Russia today. They prefer, of course, to conduct an open political movement, as do the communists of all except the most reactionary European countries. They point with considerable authority to the experience of history with free speech in class struggles, and because of that experience dismiss its social value.

This attitude of the communist group, together with their often absurd conspiratorial tactics, their subservience to orders from the Third International at Moscow, and their underground efforts to control the trade unions, wherever possible, have prevented them from getting any support in their trials outside their own group and its sympathizers. Many of them now realize the mistake of such policies. Their tactics have often changed, and strong elements in the party

CORRESPONDENCE

Friendly Trade Relations with Russia

To the Editor of UNITY.

Dear Sir: At the present time, the Russian Soviet Government is still effectively prevented from trading with individuals and corporations in the United States, in spite of the fact that American officials have been quoted as declaring that there is nothing to prevent ships from carrying American goods to Russia. It is none the less true that Americans have as yet no opportunity to trade with the Soviet concerns, for it would be ridiculous for the latter at this moment to make contracts in a country in whose courts they are not recognized. Experience has shown that while suits may be pressed against the Soviet Government in American courts, the Soviet Government may not itself prosecute, as the Soviet Government, officially, does not exist in the eyes of American officials. It is time that this condition should be terminated. The Soviet Government should be given assurance that its contracts will be protected in American courts, a procedure that would doubtless remove the chief obstacle in the eyes of Soviet officials against trading with Americans. There is only one way in which to give this assurance, and that is by recognizing Soviet Russia and inviting its Government to send a trade delegation to America. All persons interested in this consummation, by reason of the immense stimulus to American industries that would be imparted by Russian orders of machines and foodstuffs, should write to the State Department, Washington, D. C., in such terms as will give expression to their convictions on this subject. It may be that our State Department, which has been long deaf to the wishes of our people in this matter, will be ready to listen to reason when it is spoken in plain terms from all quarters of the country.

The purpose of the National Labor Alliance for Trade Relations with and Recognition of Russia is to concentrate and to direct into the proper channels the existing sentiment for friendly relations with Russia. It is advisable that when a letter is sent to the State Department, a copy of that letter be sent to our office so that we may have a record of the number of letters that come into the State Department. If organizations, whether civic or labor, that have adopted resolutions demanding recognition of Russia will send us a statement to that effect it will be of great help to our work.

NINA SAMARODIN,
Secretary,
National Labor Alliance for Trade Relations with and Recognition of Russia.
110 *West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.*

Gandhi and Christ

October 16, 1922.

The Editor, UNITY, 700 Oakwood Boulevard,
Chicago, Ills.

Sir:—

Your number for September 14th contains an article on "Gandhi and Modern Civilization" by Alice Stone Blackwell which is not without its humor.

We read that "Gandhi has made plenty of mistakes. * * * But he is the greatest spiritual force in the world today."

The humor of the passage quoted above is in the fact that a sane person can write such words with a straight face with the expectation that other reasonable people will read it and pass on without commenting upon its absurdity.

Since many of the deluded admirers of Gandhi freely compare him to Christ, it is not amiss to ask some of these men and women what might have been, in their opinion, the history of Christianity (meaning by that the spread of the teachings of Christ in their purity) had it been possible to say "Christ made many mistakes but . . . " Can you tell of one critic of Christianity that will come out with a statement like that? The worst that you will hear is that "Christ's teachings were too idealistic" but that "He made many mistakes" is yet to be heard on the lips of either friend or foe of Christ.

The pity of it is that a woman like Miss Blackwell can fall into such a grievous statement. Had Christ made plenty of mistakes he would not be today, in spite of everything that may be said, the greatest spiritual force in the world. It is just because even his admirers admit that Gandhi has made "plenty of mistakes" that he is distinctly neither the greatest nor any other kind of spiritual force in the world. He may be a political force but that is very different from being a spiritual force.

Very truly yours,

M. N. COSTIKYAN.

have been trying to bring all the activities into the open through the Workers' Party, believing the underground secret movement to be unwise and ineffective under American conditions today, despite the government's persecution.

We state these facts so as to give the friends of free speech a fair picture of the whole situation, in which we believe their support is as deserved as it is needed.

While we thoroughly disagree with the communist attitude toward free speech, with their melodramatic secret tactics and with their talk about revolutionary violence, we shall defend their right to meet and to speak as they choose. We shall concede that they may properly be punished only if their doctrines break out into overt criminal acts. To punish them in advance of an overt act is to violate the basic principles of civil and political liberty.

The Defense.

The evidence against the communists consists chiefly of the material found by the detectives in two barrels buried by the fleeing delegates on the grounds where they met. These barrels contained the records of the convention, various reports, personal correspondence and memoranda. We have no doubt they cover pretty well the activities of the movement in the United States. Much of it has already been published in special articles in the *Boston Transcript* for Sept. 16 and 30. It is all political and economic discussion along lines familiar to anyone who has read the usual communist literature.

The defence of the case will be the constitutional right of free speech and free assembly, with the object of carrying the Michigan criminal syndicalism law to the United States Supreme Court, if necessary. It has not been tested since its passage in 1919. Only two cases have previously been brought under it.

The defence work is in the hands of a special organization known as the Labor Defence Council, with offices at 166 W. Washington St., Chicago.

It is estimated that the case will cost at least $100,000. A general appeal is being issued for funds. **The American Civil Liberties Union endorses this special defense work and urges all its friends to contribute liberally to the fund, and to aid in other ways when requested. This is the most important single national trial involving civil liberties with which we have been concerned since the big I. W. W. conspiracy trials under the Espionage Act.**

Any further information can be obtained by addressing us, or the office in Chicago given above.

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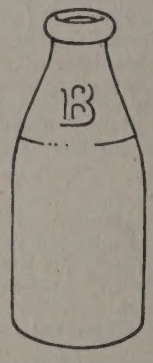

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